

VOLUME 4

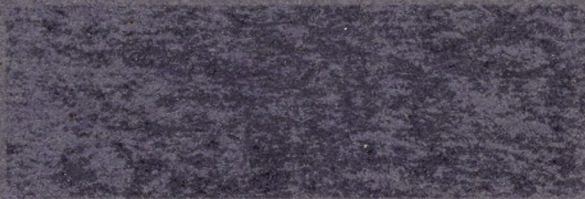
NUMBER 20

C. H. S.

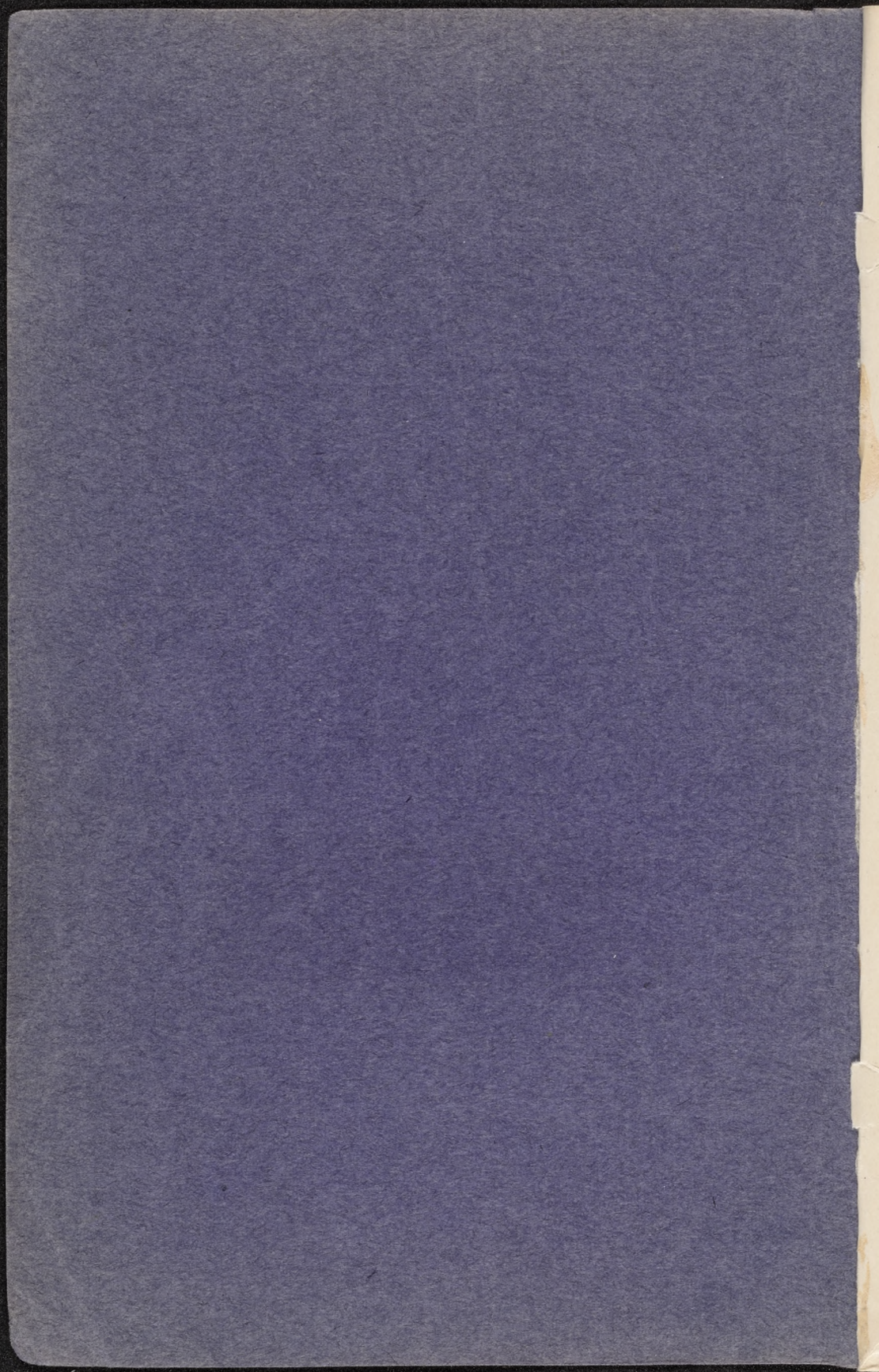
SPECTATOR

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

JUNE 18, 1909



PUBLISHED BY THE CLEVELAND GARDEN HIGH SCHOOL



Volume IV

Number 20

The Spectator

Published by
Cloverdale Union
High School

June 18, 1909

Greetings

Welcome kind and considerate reader and classmates. We hope that you will appreciate our little book, but please keep in mind that this is our first attempt, and do not criticize our many failures too harshly.

And, fellow classmates, with whom we have spent so many pleasant school days, and who have helped us with your contributions to our paper, we hope that you may each remember with pleasure these times whenever you look over the Commencement number of our C. U. H. S. Spectator 1909.

The happiest of vacations to all.

A Sketch

In a beauteous dale of clover
Guarded by protecting mountains
Stands a plain and picturesque schoolhouse.
Hidden in among great oak trees.
To the eastward flows a river,
Flows a far extending river,
Carries forever its sparking burden.
To the westward rise high mountains,
To the northward and the southland
Rise these same high towering mountains.

In this old attractive schoolhouse
Live the happiest of school families,
Learning daily needful lesson,
Prepared and taught by patient teachers.
Teachers who'll ne-er be forgotten
By grateful pupils they've assisted
Through the early paths of knowledge,
Intervened with youthful pleasures.
Pupils, who, through patient toiling,
Will some day attain such wisdom
That they may hold honored places
In this same old honored schoolhouse.

—Anon

Editorial Staff

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REBA PRUITT '10	Social and Personal
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The O. V. L. Spectator has been written every two weeks for almost four years, and yet it has heretofore been kept only within our own school building.

Now we have decided to have our Spectator published, so it can attain a place among the other printed papers. Then our relatives and friends and all those interested in our progress may have the opportunity of reading some of the best work of the C. U. H. S. pupils.

This number will also be our last issue this term and we wish to close the school year with a number which excels all previous editions. We are putting forth our best efforts and we hope that our items, stories and sketches will amuse and interest you, and that you will laugh at our jokes.

This being our first printed number we have not had the opportunity of exchanging with other schools; so we have no Exchange Editor on our staff. We will soon be fitted to send out our paper. Then our staff will be complete, and we may have our little book circulating with those of the other high schools.

A vision one dark night I had,
To me it was a sight most sad.
The vision held a writing pad,
Each page was blank.

I almost fainted with affright,
Then courage took and asked his plight.
He had items few with which to write
The O. L. V. Spectator.

And thus his troubles he did bewail,
The members I must soon assail,
Because they always seem to fail
Their needed Spectator.

The worry on his face showed quite.
I thought it did not seem just right
To leave him in a place so tight
To write the Spectator.

The sight I never will forget,
I almost b'lieve I see it yet,
How this poor soul himself did fret
Over the Spectator.

And so, in every time of need
The editor we'll help indeed,
The josh box we'll continually feed
For our dear Spectator.

The Faculty

W. B. Netherton, our principal, is a native of Missouri, and a graduate of the William Jewel College of that State. After completing his work in that institution he came to California and attended the Stanford University where he took the degree of M. A. In 1904 Mr. Netherton was elected principal of the Cloverdale Union High school and he has been with us ever since. His kind, sincere friendship has inspired all to better work; his conscientious unselfish devotion to the school has placed it on the list of the progressive high schools of the state.

Ada E. Morse, our Latin and English teacher, is a graduate of the University of Nevada. After teaching in the Sacramento Valley, she took a post graduate course at the University of California. Her knowledge, and love of her work and pupils have made her teaching a success, besides winning for herself many friends among the pupils.

Berthe Matignon is a graduate of the University of California. She has studied abroad, taking a course at the University of Paris and spending some time visiting historical monuments and cities in order to prepare herself as an instructor in history and French. She has always proved herself a friend of the school and ever ready to help.

Sketch of the Alumni

Jannette Dehay '10

Class 1893

Jean Smith—Teacher at Lyttons.

Oscar Tyler—Deceased.

Charlie Cheeks—Musician in Seattle Wash. (Married.)

Jessie Wood—Christian Science healer at Berkeley.

Grace Wilcox—Now Mrs. Eastlick, Fort Jones, Siskiyou Co.

Class 1894

Lizzie Caughey—Now Mrs. Bishop, Eureka.

Selene Menihan—San Jose Normal graduate, teacher at Healdsburg.

Elizabeth Menihan—At home.

Class 1895

Clara Mason—Now Mrs. Ray Hill, Prescott, Arizona.

Fidelia Furber—At home.

Belle Wood—Now Mrs. Whittworth, Seattle, Wash.

Russel Cameron—Engaged in business, Cloverdale.

Frank Yordi—Merchant of Cloverdale. (Married.)

Class 1896

Elizabeth Markell—Now Mrs. A. T. Baum, San Francisco.

Adah Williams—San Jose Normal. Teacher in Cloverdale grammar school.

Charley Cooley—Farmer at Oat Valley. (Married.)

Class 1897

Beatrice Hagmayer—U. C. graduate. Mrs. Moore. Teacher at Lincoln, Placer County.

William Furber—Farmer, Cloverdale.

Mamie Menihan—San Jose Normal graduate. At home. Former Petaluma teacher.

Albert Kleiser—Dentist, San Francisco.

Edna Elden—Los Angeles Normal. Teacher.

Class 1898

Effie Shelford—Mrs. L. Hiatt, Healdsburg.
William Caldwell—In business at San Rafael. (Married.)
Augusta Menke—Mrs. Wieland, San Francisco.
Sallie Crigler—Mrs. Murray, Walla Walla, Washington.
Arthur Cooley—Stanford, San Francisco.

Class 1900

Jessie Bentley—San Jose Normal. Teacher near Guerneville.
Alice Caldwell—Mrs. Roberts, San Diego.
Amy McCausland—Stenographer, Santa Rosa.

Class 1901

Susie Elden—Mrs. J. H. Van Zandt, Yukon Territory, Alaska.
Annie Koester—Mrs. Bruning, San Francisco.
Zoe Levicy—Mrs. Dittman, San Francisco.

Class 1902

Nellie Shelford—Milliner, Cloverdale.
Lillie Daniels—Mrs. Dewey, Fulton, Sonoma County.

Class 1903

Ethel Caldwell—Mrs. F. Yordi, Cloverdale.
Margaret Menihan—U. C. graduate '09. At home.
Delia Elden—U. C. graduate '09. Berkeley.
Alice Porterfield—U. C. graduate '08. Berkeley.
Susie Shelford—San Jose Normal. Teacher Cloverdale
grammar school.

Class 1904

Hiram Casey—U. C. Graduate '08, post graduate, law course.

Class 1905

Marian Chase—At home, Cloverdale.
Ada Thompson—At home, Cloverdale.

Class 1906

Ethel Lile—Mrs. McAbee, Cloverdale.

Helen Chase—U. C. Class, 1911.

Class 1907

Edith Cooley—At home, Cloverdale. U. C. student 1913.

Class 1908

Pearl Pruitt—San Francisco Normal.

Nora Pruitt—At home.

Kate Cooley—At home.

Mattie Elliott—San Jose Normal, class 1910.

Emily Seymore—San Jose Normal, class 1910.

Markell Baer—U. C., Berkeley, class 1912.

Frank Sedgley—U. C. Berkeley, class 1912.

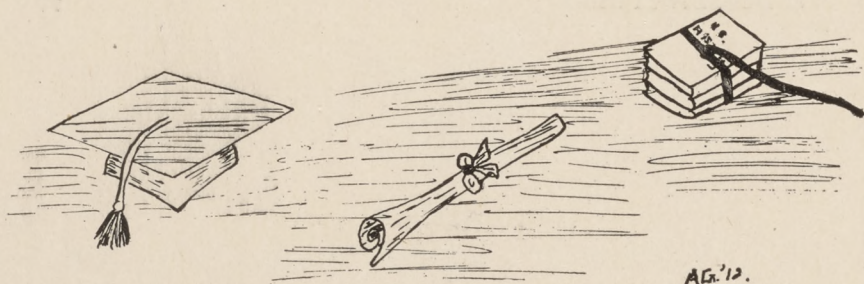
Commencement Programme

1. Music - - - - - Orchestra
2. Invocation - - - - - Rev. D. T. Booth
3. Music—Blow Soft Winds (Vincent) High School Chorus
4. Graduating Thesis—A Study of Vergil's Aeneid - - -
- - - - - Hazel Shelford
5. Music - - - - - Orchestra
6. Debate—Resolved that Women and Men Should Have Equal
Voting Privileges in California.
Affirmative: Charley Walbridge, Cecil Gowan.
Negative: Dan Sink, Herbert Belford.
7. Music—Voices of the Woods (Rubenstein) - - -
- - - - - High School Chorus
8. Address - - - - - Professor W. Scott Thomas
9. Presentation Diploma - - - Superintendent Montgomery
10. Music—Goodnight - - - High School Quartette

CLASS OF 1909

Hazel Shelford

Class Motto—"Not Evening, But Dawn."



Senior Class History

Hazel Shelford '09

It was one beautiful morning in September, 1905, when a class of fourteen gallantly entered the Cloverdale High School building to begin the duties of student life which was to last for four years. This was a class that could not be surpassed by any other, for in Latin and Geometry they took the leading place.

Our high school days, perhaps, would not have been so widely known had it not been for the entrance of such a large and bright class, that inspired the student body to organize the O. V. L. society so widely known throughout California.

As freshies all went well, receiving great praise from the teachers, and taking a prominent place in the O. V. L. society.

Then vacation came and we were all glad to spend a few months of rest, putting aside our school work. When school began the following term, we all found we had taken one step higher, and were now Sophs instead of Freshies. Although many of our classmates did not return to their studies that year, those remaining made a record for themselves. Little by little we were gaining the top of the ladder, until at last we found ourselves Juniors. It was this year that we distinguished ourselves in basket-ball, winning the first game we played. Our class at first numbering fourteen had now diminished until there were but four in number.

The four years have at last rolled by with only one Senior left to enjoy the honors that are usually bestowed upon them.

Junior Class History

In 1906 the present Junior Class
From Grammar into High School pass.
Bashful Freshmen, ten in all,
Enter the large Assembly hall.

English, history, algebra they do;
Such Latin students none ever knew.
They are the first when it becomes a rule
To give a picture to their loved school.

When Sophomores by two they do diminish;
Eight members are there now who hope to finish.
Two athletes have they now of wondrous fame.
Class record in its studies is the same.

At last five members enter Junior year,
Whom all the other classes do revere.
Of great importance is this little class
The seniors boasting only of one lass.

And now their Junior year is almost done,
They glance back over their work and fun.
And looking to the future, too, they see
That soon wise seniors they are going to be.

Hazel Browne '10.

Sophomore Class History

Wm. McCabe '11

In the year 1907 A. D. a class of nine graduates from the Cloverdale Grammar school graduated with great honors. This class set the example for the classes following by having elaborate graduating exercises in the Congregational Church.

Out of the nine graduates eight entered the Cloverdale Union High School. During the year the enrollment was increased by the entrance of new members, making a freshman class of fifteen. Throughout the year they as Freshmen took a prominent part in athletics, social functions and O. V. L. society work. Three of the boys were on the basket-ball team, and so were two of the girls. Five of the boys were on the track.

Never in the history of the Cloverdale High School has a sophomore class held the honors of this class of 1911. Its members hold the highest offices the student body can offer: those of president and vice president. Our boys hold the responsible positions of manager and captain of both track and basket-ball teams. The class is also proud of the fact that two of their honorable members have been chosen as leaders for the coming Commencement debate.

Not only the boys have held these positions, but the girls, too, have won their share of renown. Two of the sophomore girls are on the C. H. S. basket-ball team and they have also held some of the highest positions of the O. V. L. society.

They all intend to finish their high school course in the C. U. H. S. and graduate with honors as high or higher than any of the preceding classes.



History of the Freshman Class

Florence Lyle '12

In September, 1908, a jolly, noisy, bustling, mischievous class of boys and girls undertook the important step of entering high school. It was indeed a novel experience. Their upper-classmen seemed to them so wise and learned. They spoke in such dignified and intellectual language and conversed upon such ponderous and scientific subjects, they recited their far advanced lessons with such ease, and they all had such dignified ways that the poor little freshmen felt their extreme ignorance with humiliation.

But what has become of all these trembling little infants? Why, they have gone almost from memory, and in their stead, there reigns an accomplished class of young ladies and gentlemen who are well versed in Latin and mathematics. This brilliant class has with its abilities produced many honored and renowned scholars.

During the year the freshmen have been freely chosen to hold important offices in the literary society, in which they have proven themselves as capable as their predecessors. In recognition of freshman capability, the editor-in-chief of this, our first printed C. U. H. S. paper was elected from among the members of our class. Not only does the freshman class shine out brightly in school and literary society, but also in athletics; the captain of the girls' basket-ball team being a freshman, as also was one of the star goal players.

So, if the freshmen keep up the brilliant career they have begun, what will they have accomplished by the time they become seniors?

High School Prophecy

The thirty students of Cloverdale High
O'er many ponderous questions bent
But one which called forth many a sigh,
Was "what will the future to us present?"
I took a walk one night in May.
A bright moonlight showed on my way,
Wise owls hooted in the trees,
And inspirations filled the breeze.
I heard a noise like the patter of rain,
And at my side descended an aeroplane.
The aeronaut from thence alit,
Saying If I in his airship would sit
I might go with him to Futuredom,
To see what my schoolmates would become.
And gladly to this I then complied,
For an opportunity I spied
Of solving that problem difficult,
Of which many sighs had been the result.
Then began that journey of mine
Leaving the world of nineteen- nine
Through many a year we rapidly passed
'Till the land of the future was reached at last.
Into Cloverdale we downward sailed,
But so changed was it I almost failed
To recognize the same old town
Which twenty years ago I'd known.
I took another walk in May
The sunlight now shown on my way,
Which past a mansion large did run,
Where I saw Professor Netherton
A little Netherton on each knee,
To whom he was teaching geometry.
I asked how mademoiselle had fared,
And was told that by Cupid she had been ensnared.

I wandered into a beautiful lane
Where I saw a house on whose window pane
Was written in letters golden and bright
"Babies cared for day and night."
And when I asked, I learned of course
That this was the home of Miss Ada Morse.

I turned a page of the Reveille,
What do you think that I did see?
Hazel Shelford, my old schoolmate,
For U. S. President was a candidate.
I took a walk around the town,
And met a preacher, 'twas Cecil Gowan.

A little later I met Lucy Baer,
She said she had found a calling rare,
As a careful student of bugs and ants,
She also studied the lives of plants.
Jeanette and Reba had met like fates
For they had found themselves good mates.
Each day they did cook and dust and sew,
Happy homes they had I know.

Herbert Belford was world renowned,
His encyclopedia was everywhere found.
Frank Allegrini kept a grocery store,
And 'twas honesty he was noted for.
I always knew Charley Walbridge could run,
And now he had won the Marathon.
In the Olympic games he had competed
And all opponents he had defeated.

Some beautiful music floated to me
The laugh of Isabelle Grant you see,
Married and happy as she could be.
She told me that Allie was teaching school,
And that all of the pupils obeyed her rule.
Emma Sedgley was teaching a class to sing,
It was wonderful the notes she could fling.
Dan Sink had at length hung out his shingle,
A doctor he was and no longer single.

He wore a handsome brown Van Dyke,
And on his rounds he rode a bike.
Theodora Netherton was traveling in France,
Learning to play and also to dance.
Will McCabe wrote verses galore,
Countries he'd visited a dozen or more.
At length a circus came to town,
Melvin Hotelle played the part of a clown.
Calling forth trains was T. Brush's vocation,
For the town was now graced with a union station.
Anita and Ethel had both been married
And Ethel of course still in Cloverdale tarried,
While Ukiah was Anita's abode,
Though often to Cloverdale she rode.
Lloyd Browne was busily practicing law,
In a little village of Arkansas.
Frank Belford had conceived the notion
Of becoming inventor of perpetual motion.
Teaching physical culture was John's occupation.
This was always known to be his inclination.
And Mabel Hill 'cross the seas had been
Learning to play on the violin.
In the new Union High School I found Lola Lee,
She was teaching algebra and geometry.
In a millinery store I found Florence Lyle,
And the hats she sold were the latest style.
Lorie Allegrini was teaching Latin
The dresses she wore were made of satin.
Matthew Scanlon owned a large vineyard,
And to estimate his wealth would be hard.
When Evelyn Smith at the door heard me knock,
She was busily patching her husband's sock.
And now to the last of the pupils I come
Delmar Vassar was engaged in manufacture of gum.
And then having seen every High School friend,
Back to nineteen-nine my way I did wend.

—H. B. '10

Sketch

Zeke, on his way to pasture to milk the cows one evening in February, saw Evangelina Brown hurring cross lots with her little freckle-faced brother clinging to her skirts. Zeke whistled a nervous tune when he saw her, for he liked Evangelina, and after reading in the "Bee" about the Citrus Fair at Cloverdale he had been trying to face that exciting moment when he should ask Evangelina to go with him and enjoy a whole day at the Fair. He had been doing chores for the neighbors to get extra money, and had planned on having the time of his life.

Zeke stopped whistling and called her. She shyly came toward him. Awkwardly he said: "Evangelina, ask yer ma if you can go with me to the Fair."

Evangelina, delighted at such an invitation, said, "Yes, Zeke," and hurried on.

A week later Evangelina and Zeke were seen driving old Dobbin toward Cloverdale: Evangelina dressed in a new pink dress and Zeke in his new overall suit.

They reached Cloverdale in due season, and after seeing that Dobbin had all the comforts of horse-life, started out on their day of enjoyment and adventure.

The exhibits of oranges in the pavilion were perfectly grand, so grand that they asked if they were made by machinery. Zeke was going to have a quarrel with the man selling ticklers for "putting an old chicken feather duster in Evangelina's face." The two took in the wonderful sights and thoroughly enjoyed themselves until suddenly Zeke found he had no money left to pay for dinner. He did not want to tell Evangelina, and he knew she wished something to eat, so he went back to the wagon tied under a tree, and in his overcoat found enough to buy them some cookies.

"Say, Evangelina," he stammered, "I think cookies are good enough for dinner, and—"

"O yes, Zeke, I am not really hungry, cookies are fine." So they immediately found a seat in the pavilion and partook of their lunch.

In the afternoon Evangelina spied the picture gallery and took Zeke in with her to have their pictures taken. Their joy had no bounds when the good-natured photographer handed them their picture, it being the first they had ever had taken.

An hour later they started for the tree where old Dobbin had been tied, and to their horror found no Dobbin. (He had started on a well known road home.) Zeke consoled Evangelina by saying, "Oh well, we can walk it." So they started toward home and as it seemed years to Evangelina since they had started, she being worn out, began to weep silently and was going to give up when an automobile came up and the chauffeur invited this despairing looking couple to ride home.

Evangelina's tears were dried and after getting comfortably seated in the auto, she put her weary head on Zeke's shoulder and said, "After all, Zeke, we've had just a lovely time, and I'm real glad Dobbin ran away."

E. L. S., '11.

Praedicto de Vate

(To H. B. '10.)

Allen and Greenough and Hale,
 Gildersleeve, Bennet and Harkness—
 Latin grammarians old and stale,
 Bringing us out of our awful darkness.
 She will wield them all some day
 Over the heads of eager youth,
 Only to drop them—"Why?" you say?
 To wield the broom and dust-pan, forsooth!

—Anon

Sunshine and Shadow

Reba Pruitt '10

The shadows of evening were gathering thick and fast as Everett Mapleson, a tall and broad-shouldered college student, stepped out upon the veranda. Silence reigned on every side, except when the evening breeze, at intervals, caused the leaves to rustle softly. The sweet cooing of the doves as they settled to their nightly rest, was also slightly audible. Just peeping up over the hilltops, the moon was discernible, and, with his full, round face, gave promise to flood the earth with a beautiful, silvery light. Everything seemed in keeping with Everett's mood: quiet and peaceful. And as he sat there waiting for his college chum, Dick Burton, he thought of the happiness the last four years had brought him.

"Hello, Everett!" cried a cheery voice, and Dick came running up the steps. "Can't stay but just a minute because I must be off for home and prepare for starting tomorrow."

They had been at home that week, enjoying a spring vacation, but on the morrow were to return to College.

"Well, what's the news, Dick?" said Everett, when they were comfortably seated for a little chat.

"Oh, nothing much. Mabel Howard and Jessie Lea are to go back to school tomorrow, and say, Everett, Charley Smith has just been the shadow of those two girls lately, especially of Mable. He's one of the Freshmen you know, and we never knew him very well. I guess he will go with the crowd tomorrow."

Everett started. He and Mable had been firm friends as long as he could remember, and she had always given him the preference over anyone else. The idea of anyone's usurping his place was not pleasant either.

Dick chatted on pleasantly for a few moments longer, and his companion answered him in monosyllables. The fact was although he never would have confessed to it, Everett felt as

if his rights were about to slip from him, and it was most certainly an unpleasant situation.

Dick, all unconscious of the uncomfortable feelings he had caused his chum, soon took his departure, while Everett sat listening to his retreating footsteps, until the sound died away in the distance and nothing more was heard but the song of the nightingale in some secluded place, singing his nightly strain, sweet and clear upon the still evening air.

"Phsaw!" exclaimed Everett, as he suddenly rose and entered the house. "Am I going to make a fool of myself, and just for a girl too?"

He went to sleep that night trying to convince himself that he did not care how great an incursion Charley Smith had made upon Mable's feelings.

Next morning he was at the station in good season for the train, and it was not long before the others arrived, Charley among the rest. Jessie and Mable came towards him, looking bright and happy.

"Oh, Everett!" exclaimed Mable, "You just ought to become better acquainted with Charley Smith; he's simply dandy."

An angry response sprang to his lips, but he quickly checked himself and made a good natured answer. At that moment a whistle was heard and the engine, with its long train of cars, came steaming into the station. After some bustling and hurrying, the young people were safely settled within the cars and in a few minutes were speeding on their way to the city.

* * * * *

It lacked just two weeks until Everett and Dick would graduate. They had been working hard since their vacation, and without interruption in order that the highest honors to be had might be theirs. Everett had been asked to write an oration upon a certain subject, containing original ideas and thought. It was finished at last and the young man felt as if a heavy load had been lifted from his shoulders, as he laid the papers away ready for inspection, in his writing desk.

Charley and Mable were still on friendly terms, but he could see that she regarded Everett as her cavalier, and he was

anxious to stop this feeling. But how? Charley disliked foul play, and that was the only means he could think of to accomplish his purpose.

At last an idea came to him, but he hesitated before attempting to put it to any use, for it was not honest, as he fully realized.

"But Mable's worth it all," he exclaimed, as he sat staring moodily at his books one evening.

To say was to do with Charley. The very next day he set about carrying out his insidious designs. The afternoon found him strolling along with Mable towards a lake, not far distant. Soon they were seated on the mossy bank, and were discussing school affairs with all the enthusiasm of undergraduates.

"I hear," said Mable, gazing dreamily out across the clear, blue lake, and noting the beauty of the scene around her, "that Everett Mapleson has written the best oration that the professor has read for a long time."

"Oh, that's nothing," returned her companion ironically, "anyone could write well by using the means which he has employed."

Mable started, and looked at him inquiringly, for his tone had insinuated more than what he had said.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Oh, nothing, only I could write good orations, too, if I consulted certain journals which no one here knows anything about, since they were sent from some other place. They are back numbers, too, so if you and I keep still no one will find it out. I'm sure I never could expose a friend," he added blandly.

"I don't believe it," the girl cried. "Everett would never do such a thing."

"But it's true, nevertheless. I saw the journal myself, and Everett was awfully annoyed over it."

Mable's heart sank, and soon doubt and suspicion had mastered trust and confidence. She believed what Charley told her, for why should he tell her what was not true about one whom she firmly believed he liked and esteemed?

She returned home with a very sad and disappointed feeling. When next she encountered Everett her manner was so cold and distant that she caused him no little wonder.

During this time Charley's conscience was by no means at rest. He knew he had done wrong and each day the weight upon his mind became heavier. At last he seized his hat and coat and exclaiming "I'll do it!" he rushed out into the street, and was soon at Mable's door, inquiring for that young lady. She was at home, but greeted him not so warmly as formerly. He, on the other hand, lost no time in stating the object of his call.

"Miss Howard," he stammered, as he nervously tore to pieces a rose which he held in his hand, "I came to confess to you an act, and when you know it, I will not have the courage to seek your respect or forgiveness."

Mable looked surprised, but bade him go on, while a strange suspicion seized her.

"The fact is," said Charley, blushing very red and looking hard at the carpet, "I— I lied to you the other day, and— and I am awfully, awfully sorry."

Mabel sat very still for a few moments, too surprised for words, and yet, this was what she had almost expected to hear. What must she do? She blamed Charley for telling her what he had, and herself for believing it.

"Mr. Smith," she said, "I am very sorry for this, but you have acted nobly in confessing it. As everything seems to be turning out well, I pardon you freely." As she finished speaking she rose, signifying that their conversation was ended.

Charley took his leave, a very unhappy youth, but glad that he had done right.

As he left, Everett Mapleson arrived. He had been unable to solve the mystery of Mable's strange treatment, and determined to go and find out what he could from her. They had always been such warm friends.

When he requested an explanation, she looked at him and smiled brightly.

"Oh, it's alright Everett!" she cried, "I never will treat

you so again. I am sorry to have been so unjust to one whom I have known and liked so well all my life." Then she stopped suddenly, blushing at what she had said.

"It's alright, little girl," he said softly, and Mable, for the first time in weeks, felt at peace with the world.

Three years later Everett removed to a beautiful little country town to practice law, and Mable, as Mrs. Mapleson, accompanied him.

The Lady of the Lake

(With an Apology to Scott.)

The summer dawn's reflected hue
Greatly resembles a can of glue.
Mildly and soft, the western breeze
Was just enough to make her sneeze.
And the pleased, lake-like maiden coy
Would bring to mind a barefoot boy.
The mountain shadows on her breast,
A shadow that at thy request
In deep uncertainty they lie
Like apple, peach or raspberry pie.
The water lily to the light,
Humbly begged a little bite.
The doe awoke and, to the lawn,
In Sunday's best advanced her fawn.
The gray mist left the mountain side
More swiftly than chops could be fried.
Invisible in flecked sky
The moon sent forth a startled cry,
For there the blackbird and the thrush
Refused to eat their breakfast mush.
In answer cooed the crushat dove
This is what might be termed enough.

O. V. L.

Lucy Baer '10

This society was organized June 29, 1905, for the general improvement of the high school and in every way it has proven itself a decided success. It has brought about a high standard of scholarship among the students such as is seldom seen among schools of its size. The O. V. L. has caused the public and us, the members, to become more interested in the welfare of the high school. At the same time school spirit and an unusually strong sense of loyalty have developed. And the ultimate results are that the Cloverdale Union High School is rapidly becoming one of the best high schools in California.

But in the direct results is seen the greatest importance of the society, for the members have faithfully followed out their secret motto of the letters O. V. L. In fact hardly a month has passed since the day of organization that the society has not added to its long list of successful enterprises.

It was through the efforts of the society that a piano was presented to the high school, that our assembly hall was adorned with pictures, and our pennants of blue and gold.

The society has been a great help to us mentally, for we have become better acquainted with parliamentary laws in carrying out meetings, which are held every other Friday. At our meetings we always have a program consisting of musical selections, readings, debates, orations, recitations, farces and the reading of our O. V. L. Spectator, which contains essays, current events, society news, athletic news and jokes; the program is composed of these and other instructive features.

The O. V. L. has been just as successful in athletics, having organized and controlled both girls' and boys' basket-ball teams, and also a boys' track team. Though somewhat hampered by the smallness of the school, all our athletic contests have not only reflected credit on the school, but have often resulted in victories.

Our society has not been a business society only, for we have had many enjoyable social functions, such as the girls' high jinks held in the early days, chicken dinners, dances, especially those at commencement, moonlight hay-rides, trips to the Geysers, and parties galore, some to be mentioned are Valentine, Hallowe'en, basket-ball and cards. Our social life has been very successful and a credit to the high school in every respect.

Among the achievements of the O. V. L. are staging of plays, thrice winning high prizes at the Citrus Fair, the winning of second prize at the Santa Rosa Carnival and now the publishing of the O. V. L. Spectator. Truly we may well be proud of the O. V. L. Society, for it has served its purpose well.

The following names are the O. V. L. presidents who surely deserve credit for the past success of the O. V. L.:

1905-6—Helen W. Chase '06, Victor E. Cooley '08.

1906-7—W. Frank Sedgley '08, Harold Smith '09, Markell C. Baer '08, Edith Cooley '07.

1907-8—Mattie B. Elliott '08, Hazel Shelford '09, Katherine Cooley '08, Emily Seymour '08.

1908-9—Hazel Shelford '09, Helen Porterfield '09, Hazel Brownie '10, Lucy S. Baer '10, Charley Walbridge '11.

The Ship

I sat upon the beach one day
And watched the waves below me play;
A ship upon the waves there tossed
Out past the light house near the coast—
Beautiful.

The sight did fill my heart with joy;
This ship in hands of God a toy,
She rocked so gently on each wave
Each heavier swell she seemed to brave—
Wonderful.

I came down to the sea each day
And watched the white-caps at their play,
But lying yonder near the coast
There was a sight I never lost—
Peaceful.

I came again down to the sea
And saw the ship was leaving me;
With anchor weighed and sails unfurled,
She left me for another world,
Silently.

The rolling ship sailed o'er the sea,
Sailed toward the west, away from me;
I know not when we'll meet again—
The thought too sad for tongue or pen.
Farewell.

I oft since then have seen the sea
But ne'er this ship returned to me;
It sailed away to come no more,
Like Rome's great men in days of yore—
Remembered.

Thus from the school room's narrow walls
Have passed to life's more spacious halls
The friends we've known and held so dear,
Leaving for us who linger here
A memory.

Wm. Mc. '11.

The Magic Stone

There once ruled over Granada an old tyrannical Moorish chieftain. He was called Aob Haden. Among his peculiar traits was the study of the stars. He also had great faith in magic. His peculiar habits as, well as his harsh rule, made him unpopular, both in Granada and in the neighboring provinces.

The only consolation he possessed was a young and beautiful daughter, who was the pride of his heart. It was his ambition to marry her to some great prince. Imagine his consternation, then, when one day, as he strolled through his garden of Lynderax, he saw two figures at some distance, one of whom he recognized as the captain of his bodyguard and the other as his own daughter.

"Santa Maria!" he exclaimed, and then restrained his rage, as he saw that he was not perceived by them. He watched their movements until he became convinced that they were lovers, then he returned to his own apartments.

When he reached the quiet of his own apartments he was overwhelmed with a sudden fit of anger, and seizing a piece of parchment he hastily scrawled some Arabic letters on it.

"Take this to the captain of my guard," he said to a slave, "and tell him to leave my employ, lest he die, and when you have done this summon to me the old astrologer whom I have heard lives in Granada."

The slave took the parchment with a trembling hand, and departed, only too glad to escape from the presence of his terrible master.

The captain of the guards was passing a cell in a distant and lonely part of the Alhambra, probably planning some way to wed the young princess, when the slave entered and delivered the scroll and message. After reading the message he turned to the slave and said, "Tell your young mistress that in an hour I shall leave these walls forever, but that true lovers never part."

The slave on leaving the apartment thought it wisest to do his mission in the city first, therefore he descended into the town.

In the meantime the captain of the guards gathered together his belongings and left the Alhambrá. On his way to the city he met an old man, whom he recognized as a man noted for magic, residing in Granada. He accosted the old man: "I am told that you are versed in the arts of magic."

"To some small degree," replied the man.

"Perhaps you would like to obtain a stone which I brought from Palestine," said the captain, at the same time producing a small box. "The stone which is in the box has a magic power over any one who looks upon it. If you will do what I ask of you it shall be yours."

"What, then, is thy will?" said the astrologer.

"Bring me the princess of yonder castle and it shall be yours," said the captain.

"That will I willingly do," replied the astrologer, "but first give me the stone that I may do your bidding, and do you go to my house in Granada and await my return."

The young officer did as he was commanded. While he was making his way to the house of the astrologer, the astrologer himself reached the Alhambra and was ushered into the presence of the king.

"Tonight," said the king, "do you cast the horoscope of my daughter, and tell me what is her future."

At midnight the astrologer was again summoned into the presence of the king. "My Lord," said the astrologer, "your daughter is to marry a great Christian prince, who is even now planning to ravage your territory."

The king remained silent for some time, then he said, "You are a wise man; will you advise me in this?"

"Willingly," replied the astrologer. "Since it is the destiny of your daughter to marry the Christian prince, would it not be well for her to marry him before he destroys your territory? I have magic power which will force this prince to marry your daughter, when I will it."

"Do you tomorrow night lower a rope ladder from one of the windows of your daughter's apartments; do you also have a priest at hand to marry them."

"When it becomes midnight open the little box which I give you and I will see to the rest."

"I suppose it is for the best," said the king "and I will do your bidding."

His plans thus far furthered the astrologer returned home where he found the officer awaiting his return.

On the following night the astrologer, accompanied by the officer, made his way to the garden under the princess' window. They found the ladder dangling from the window. Accordingly at twelve o'clock the officer mounted the ladder. When he reached the top he found no one waiting him, for when the king opened the box and was enchanted by the stone and returned to his apartments. As the officer paused a door opened and his princess rushed into his arms. When he had recovered from the first joy, she told him that in the next room a priest awaited to marry them.

After they were married they made their way to Granada, where they hired horses and made their way out of Spain.

F. B. '12.

Social and Personal

Reba Pruitt '10

One of the most enjoyable features of the year was a Hal-low'e'en party, given in the Citrus Fair Pavilion. Besides the members of the high school, the parents and many others were invited. The pavilion was artistically decorated with corn stalks, jack-o-lanterns and autumn leaves. The entertainment for the evening consisted mostly of dancing and fortune telling. A banquet was spread by the girls in the galleries, and toasts and speeches were given by several of the guests.

The members of the high school, with their chaperones, are planning a trip to the Geysers, and everyone is anticipating a jolly good time. The money for this trip was obtained by sending a float to the Santa Rosa Carnival and winning second prize. With the remainder of the money the O. V. L. society is thinking of presenting the C. H. S. library with a set of handsomely bound books as a mememto of the society of 1909.

The committees for the Senior Reception have all been appointed. The program for the evening will be a play and dancing. The play, "Hearts and Diamonds," is a comedy-drama in three acts. The cast of characters is as follows:

Bernice Halstead, a young lady of eighteen, with an affection of the heart, a love of fun and a hatred of arithmetic	Jeanette Dehay
Amy Halstead, her sister, two years younger, fond of frolic	Reba Pruitt
Inez Gray, a young lady visitor, willing to share in the fun	Lucy Baer
Mrs. Halstead, a widow and step-mother to the Helstead girls	Hazel Shelford
Hannah Mary Barnes, or "Sis," a maiden lady who keeps house for her brother	Hazel Browne

Dwight Bradley, a fortune hunter, and Mrs. Halstead's
 son by a former marriage Will McCabe
 Sammy, the darkey bell-boy in the Halstead house.....
 Charley Walbridge
 Dr. Burton, a young physician Dan Sink
 Abraham Barnes, or "Bub," a Yankee farmer still un-
 married at forty Cecil Gowan
 Attorney Frank Belford
 Sheriff W. T. Brush

Although the high school as a whole has not given many parties this year, several of the students have given them individually. Among those who entertained are the following: Hazel Shelford, Reba Pruitt, Will McCabe, and Ethel Graham. There was also a picnic on the river. It was given by the C. H. S. boys, and all who went reported a most enjoyable time.

Boys' Athletics

Charlie Walbridge '11

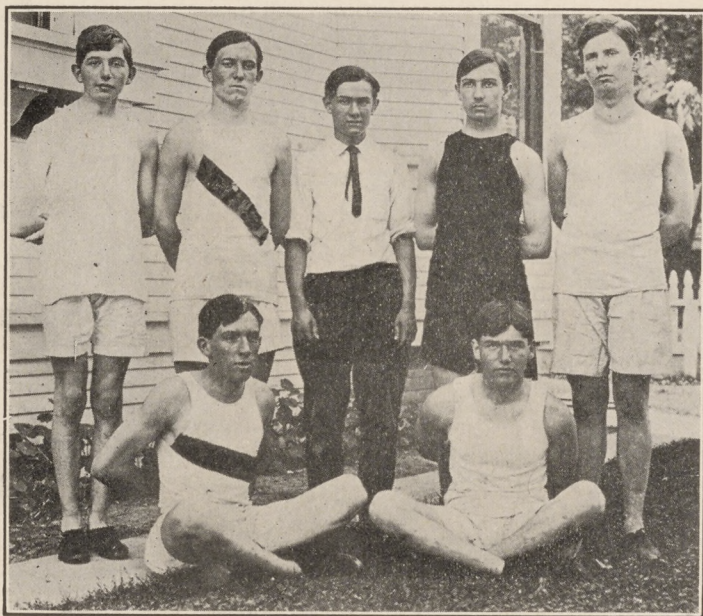
Although the majority of the C. H. S. boys have lacked school spirit enough to cause them to deny themselves a few luxuries in the way of food in order to get into the best possible physical condition we have done fairly well in athletics.

In a dual field meet with the boys at McCray's "Old Homestead," we proved victorious, winning with a score of 37 to 17.

In the S. M. A. A. L. meet at Ukiah on April 17 we were fortunate enough to win one point, Walbridge winning third in the mile run.

The boys played several games of basket-ball, but were outplayed by their opponents in each.

We hope that with the increasing number of boys, and the growing importance of Cloverdale High, we may become a more important factor in the athletic world of the future.



Girls' Athletics

A. C. G. '12

In the first semester of this year we formed a girls' basketball team. Anita Grant was elected captain and Hazel Shetford manager. The team consisted of Hazel Shelford, center; Ethel Graham and May Ledger, goals; Anita Grant and Allie Ratliff, guards. The substitutes were Hazel Brown and Isabelle Grant.

Petaluma challenged us and we played the game on November 14, 1908. The result of the game was a score of 18 to 10 in Petaluma's favor.

We were again challenged by Ukiah and played them on December 5, 1908. This was a very close game, and after a long struggle we won with a score of 15 to 14. We played a return game on March 12, 1909, but were in turn defeated, the score being 20 to 8 in Ukiah's favor.

We did not play any more games this season as it grew too warm. We hope next year to have another good team, and also that we will win more games.



Joshes



Little grains of sand,
Little drops of water,
Make an awful puddle
On a nice, clean land.

Little thoughtful ideas,
Put together well,
Make a mighty Spectator
For our O. V. L.

Horseback, horseback,
Ha, ha, ha!
High school teachers,
Rah, rah, rah!

Modern Improvements

First Boy—"What's the 'lectrician doing over at the school house?"

Second Boy—"Puttin' in a 'lectric switch."

First Boy—"Gee, Mully! If they's goin' ter do the lickin' by 'lectricity, I quit."

MAGIC MIRROR

NAME	APPEARANCE	HOBBY	AMBITION	QUOTATION
Allie R.	Retiring.	Isabelle.	To please.	"Modest, good and kind."
Anita G.	Robust.	The boys.	To be care free.	"A light heart lives long."
Charlie W.	Self reliance.	Athletics.	To be popular.	"Verily thou art a runner."
Cecil G.	Dreamy.	French?	To be a parson.	"Arise, awake thou that sleepest."
Delmar V.	Stubby.	My hair.	To have my own way.	"Ma, may I be a dude?"
Dora N.	Debonaire.	Music.	To keep house.	"For she is a domestic being."
Dan S.	Self satisfied.	To manage everything and anything.	To be in a frat.	"Patience, there are frats in college."
Evelyn S.	Modest.	To be like Ethel.	To be virtuous.	"When one sees one, one sees the other."
Ethel G.	Coquettish.	To be stylish	To go on the stage.	"Is she not passing fair?"
Emma S.	Giggling.	Miss Morse.	To go to college like Miss Morse	"From morn until dewy eve he digs and digs."
Frank B.	Industrious.	His motor.	To achieve something.	"A jovial maiden she is, and comly to look upon."
Florence L.	Mild.	Looking wise.	To be duteous.	"Modest to look upon."
Francis A.	Foreign.	Candy	To lead my countrymen.	"Canst thou not smile, sweet maiden?"
Hazel B.	Studious.	Geometry	To go to U. C.	"A sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exubrance of his own verbosity."
Herbert B.	Good natured.	Emma	To be learned.	"I'll have you know I'm running the senior class."
Hazel S.	Stately.	Falling	To be a stenographer.	"Nothing that is of worth can be achieved without courageous work."
Isabelle G.	Saucy.	To have a good time.	Lead an out-door life.	"Are there any more at home like you?"
John S.	Happy-go-lucky.	Trying to get through without work.	To be cute, alas!	"The eyes express the sweetest kind of bashfulness."
Jeanette D.	Attractive.	My clean waist.	To have her own way.	"A still small voice."
Lonie A.	Childish.	We would like to know.	To be good.	"Him for the studious shades, kind nature found."
Lloyd B.	Solemn.	High-marks.	To get ahead of Hazel.	"Her voice is ever soft and low, an excellent thing in women."
Lola L.	Demure.	Her horses.	To live a quiet life.	"Of their own merits modest men are dumb."
Lucy B.	Winsome.	Talking.	To be like mademoiselle.	"To thee the laurel leaves belong."
Mabel H.	Cheerful.	To be pretty.	To be a novelist.	"A well bred duck turns out its toes, my dear."
Melvin H.	Bashful.	To tackle his studies?	None in particular.	"Go to, go to, you are a saucy boy."
Mathew S.	Youthful.	Growing.	Baseball hero.	"'Tis good in case you know,
Reba P.	Petite.	Oat valley.	A cottage for two.	"To have two strings upon your bow."
W. T. B.	Rough-house.	Reciting.	To be friendly.	"His smile is childlike and bland."
Will Mc.	Pouty.	Just one girl.	To write poetry.	"There is a pleasure in poetic strains which only poets knew."

THE GRADUATING CLASS

Of members rare, this class is
With talents we admire,
And though they are all misses,
'Tis the class we would desire.

Their accomplishments would easily
With the goddesses compare;
Graduate one, like Juno, queenly,
Graduate two, dike Venus fair.

The third so meek and gently
With Diana she would stand,
The fourth by goddess Minerva,
With wisdom really grand.

Another goddess we will miss,
Who has basket-ball manager been,
And if with Atlanta she'd contest,
I'm sure the race she'd win.

The others would vie the graces
With poems at their command,
And with songs and music in plenty,
They would form a musical band.

And the grandest thing about it,
Is if you'd wish to call
These goddesses, you'd say "Hazel,"
And that would bring them all.

—M. H. '12.

One day the sad news came to our office that the arm of one of our gallant young men was dislocated while he and our brave Sophomores were struggling with Caesar in hither Gaul. We did not learn the cause of the accident. We understand, however, that the aforesaid young gentleman did not belong to the cavalry and hence the accident could not be due to his having been thrown from one of Caesar's ponies. The arm was quickly put in place by one of the young ladies who was following Caesar, who by the way, would make a splendid Red Cross nurse. The latest bulletins announce that he is on the road to recovery. He suffered no acute pain, pulse normal, heart action good. The Spectator, with a host of friends, hopes that complications will not set in and that he will have good use of his arm hereafter.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

The First Triumvate—Daniel, Charles and William.

The Heavenly Twins—Allie and Isabel.

Sentimental Tommy—Cecil.

Napoleon—Captain B.

Damon and Pythias—Will and Dan.

Webster—Herbert.

Beau Brummel—W. T.

Dolly Varden—Evelyn.

Louisa M. Alcott—Mabel.

Dolly Madison—Hazel S.

Seven Wonders of the World—The Freshman girls.

The Seven Sages—The Freshman boys.

A Latin pupil who is very proud of his newly acquired knowledge in Latin, asked his father if he knew the word for "people" in Latin.

Father—"No my son, I do not."

Pupil, gleefully—"Pop-u-lae." (Pop, you lie.)

Father—"No back talk from you, sir."

UNCLE TEDDY'S OWN PUZZLE PAGE

Anyone correctly solving these puzzles will receive free a copy of the Spectator on receipt of 25 cents for postage and packing. Send answers to Uncle Teddy, Spectator Office.

Conundrums

1. Why was the hotel stove at Sonoma so upset? (B. B. team may suggest answer.)
 2. Who is R. P.'s favorite novelist?
 3. Why did it require so many conveyances to bring J. D. to the party?
 4. What makes Shorty appear so long?
 5. Why did the horses balk when the H. S. went on their hay-ride?
-

A Medly of the Freshman Class With the Names of the Seventeen Babies

The smith went over the hill with a sack of graham flour on his back. It began to hail. He was carrying a basket which contained some tea and brown bread.

As he was walking over the lea, he fell into a bog of peat, and immediately began to sink. After he had gained solid ground he said, "Oh, how sad that I have thus persisted in being alone."

As he sat waiting to gain his strength, he read "Thelma," which he had bought in the city of Florence, and took it for granted that it was a fine story. Then he went to the hotel and ate dinner with the brethren, Mathew, Mark, Luke and John, but found that things were very rude, as all they had to eat was frank-furters.

Puzzles With No Solution

1. Why didn't Brutus get in his work before Caesar wrote The Gallic Commentaries?
2. Which does Emma prefer, the encyclopedia or dictionary?
3. When are we going to have a new high school building?

JONAH OR THE WHALE?

'Twas a beautiful day in River Ville,
 And the fishes must study in school,
 When a-fishing they'd go in a hurry,
 If it were not for breaking the rule.

But one large, bold fish a-fishing went,
 A planning a happy time.
 He selected a nook in the shadow,
 And contentedly cast out his line.

Many and patient were the hours he spent,
 Waiting for someone to bite,
 And at last he landed a large one,
 He was really and truly a sight.

The fish's eyes glistened with pleasure rare,
 For a fine, good-sized fry he had hooked.
 And he calmly emptied his pockets,
 As he carried him home to be cooked.

Now if you can't swallow this story,
 A freshman can tell you I we-en.
 'Sooth, W. T. after fishing,
 Will tell you that this was his dream.

—M. H. '12

NEW PROPOSITION

If two polywogs have two tails of the one respectively equal to two tails of the other, and their corresponding bodies in proportion, those polywogs are similar.

Hygienic crackers are good for the brain. That's why all the Sophomores are the shining lights of their schools.

I think we should all take a "Hunt." We might be so fortunate as to find a diamond.

EXCHANGES

That Patch

Tommy was the proud possessor of a pocket compass and when he displayed it to his teacher she carefully explained the different points.

"See," said she, "you have the north in front of you, the east to your right, and the west to your left. Now what have you behind you?"

Tommy frowned. "There," he said, "I just knew everybody would see that patch, but mother says I must wear these trousers for a month yet."

The Sophomore history class learned that Anna Baptist lived on a "Diet of Worms," and occasionally a "Peace of Augsburg."

Fishy

Teacher—"Why didn't you come to school this morning?"

Freshie (uneasily)—"Stayed home and read."

Teacher—"Then how is it you smell of fish and are so wet?"

Freshie—"I read the story about Jonah and the whale."

The parents of a certain Freshman were very anxious for their son to pass the Christmas examination with a better grade than being conditioned, so they telegraphed in order to find out particulars.

In reply the Freshman wired to his parents as follows: "Exams. splendid. Professor enthusiastic. They wish for another in January."

A bright Freshman remarked the other day that Alexander the Great was born in the Encyclopedia in 356 B. C.

Teacher to Soph.—“What did you do during vacation?”
 Bright Little Boy—“I read a book that fairly made my blood curl.”

Teacher—“Why don't you talk louder when you recite?”
 Freshman—“A soft answer turneth away wrath.”

“My son,” said Mr. Hayseed to his high school son who was at home on a vacation, “hev ye noticed Tom Smith's oldest gal lately? Strikes me she's gettin' to be a right likely lookin' gal.”

“She's as beautiful as Hebe,” agreed the son enthusiastically.

“Aw, shucks,” grunted Mr. Hayseed, “she's a blame sight prettier than he be. Why he ain't no beauty. She gits it from her mother's folks.”

R. P. was pricing a whole dinner set and cooking utensils down at Long's the other day. Looks real suspicious. Can anyone tell what the outcome will be?

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August 31—School begins. Everybody delighted of course.

September 1—What! A Freshman class.

October 6—Wonder of wonders! W. T. recites.

October 23—B. B. B. T. G. S. 75 to 2. A great secret.

November 19—A little "Greni" has entered the Soph class.

November 20—Of all the authors Reba has expressed her desire for Eliot.

December 5—The next work of the Ladies' Aid will be to make neckties for Melvin.

November 12—Belford in his quest of long words with which to stick the English class is himself stuck when he runs up against "Anthropomonphitimanismicaliation."

January 6—Lo and behold! The new dazzling corduroys of Cecil. Christmas present.

January 9—We notice Delmar in his play always likes to stay near the Lea.

February 6—Anyone desiring a freer translation of the bible should call upon the saints, Matthew and John.

February 16—Captain Bolfig has expressed his desire for "Thelma."

February 20—This is not a matrimonial bureau, although some proposals are being made.

March 6—For marriages performed call on Rev. Cecil Gowan.

March 25—Happy band of serenaders find a soft, green carpet.

March 26—Stung! !

April 1—A great many from here are attending the country wedding.

April 9—C. U. H. S. boys distinguish themselves as firemen.

April 10—L. B. '10, becomes president of the "Hotel Promotion and development Company."

April 21—W. T. appears in a new, flashing pair of up-to-date shoes. The envy of the school.

April 23—Chocolate and cake served at all hours of the day at the department store of Ratliffe & Grant.

May 1—Two teachers were seen galloping through the glen at a "Gee Whu" rate. We guess they were on a deer hunt.

May 15—R— called on C— the other evening. When she took her departure she told him, "goodbye. Call again."

May 17—One of our bright Juniors came to school this morning very much elated. She said she dreamed last night that she was on her honeymoon.

May 20—For the latest in Empire trousers see W. T.'s.

May 29—Geyser trip. Who got lost?

June 10—Who fell so gracefully at the hall?

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In Cloverdale

Cloverdale, Cal.

Not Naming Anybody

Charles—"You're a farmer, are you? Well farming is a noble profession. It's all right to call it a profession, isn't it?"

Farmer Boy—"Sure. Thousands of men profess to be farmers who don't know the first principles."

Miss —— had an unexpected result from her effort to teach Will to say "It is I." After the correct form had been given him Miss —— said, "Now, Will, what must you say?" Her astonishment can be imagined when Will said "You're it."

Teacher (in civics class)—"Every boy has an opportunity to become president of the U. S."

Johnny—"My brother hasn't."

Teacher—"How is that?"

Johnny—" 'Cause he sold me his chance for a nickel."

